

THE MAN WHO SWORE

By M. QUAD.
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When it became known in the village that George White and Edith Smith were engaged to be married almost everybody said that it was a good match. George was what they termed a model young man, who had just started in the grocery business, and Edith was a schoolteacher and liked by all. The pair were congratulated on all sides, and there was but one doubting Thomas. That was Edith's Uncle John, who was at the home on a visit. When she asked him for his opinion he waited a moment before putting the query:

"Does this young man of yours swear?"

"No, of course not! He never uttered an oath in his life!" was the somewhat indignant reply.

"When he gets mad does he kick things?"

"But he doesn't get mad."

"If he wakes up some morning to find the gate open and a hog in the garden would he scramble for a club and try to kill that hog?"

"I don't think so. I think he would drive the animal out without making any fuss about it."

"Then don't marry him."

"Why, Uncle John, how you talk!"

"Don't marry him. My dear, I am sixty-five years old. I have been observing human nature for the last fifty years. There are heaps of good men in this world, but they are men not made of putty. Things vex 'em. Other things make 'em mad. They swear. They kick. They break things. Sometimes they fight."

"And such men drive their wives from home," commented the niece.

"Such men don't do anything of the sort. It's the other kind. They don't swear at their wives, but at the weather, at hogs and oxen, at the ax flying off the handle, at a barrel of cider rolling over 'em as they are getting it down cellar. It's the smooth, placid man who does the harm. Find him and you'll find a nigger. Find him and you'll find a snorer, a husband that can cut and humiliate and smile at the same time."

"Uncle John, you've got it all wrong. You are one of the best men in the world, and I never heard you swear."

"Neither did your Aunt Mary. Leastwise, I never swore at her. And yet I swore. Lord, gal, there have been times when I made the shingles in the barn fairly smoke. I've been so mad that I wanted to do murder, but swearing saved me from it. Ten minutes of ripping things up the back quieted me down. One time I hid \$200 in cash in the pocket of an old coat. Along came a tramp, and your aunt gave him the garment. I didn't know it for a week. Did I chop her up with the ax? No. I went out behind the barn and jumped up and down and swore: I pounded the barn; I dug up the soil; I broke limbs off a pear tree. In half an hour I was back in the house kissing Mary's tears away and telling her not to mind."

The marriage took place, and six months later there was a separation. The husband could, and did, get angry and snarl and find fault and do it as placidly as a goose pond. He never lost his temper, and his face wore a smile, but he made home a sort of hell. The young wife went to the village where Uncle John lived, while the husband remained at home. People said it was her fault—all but the uncle. He said:

"I told you so. It's only a separation thus far, and there's hopes you may get together again. Let me run things this time."

Edith secured a place in the telephone office, and almost the first voice she heard over the wire after being in charge was that of her husband. He also recognized hers, but they treated each other as strangers.

One day the "Hello, central!" was followed by the announcement:

"Say, Edith, people here are saying that we ought to make up."

"Yes!"

"They say it's too bad that we couldn't get along better."

"Yes!"

"They say I ought to be the first one to make advances, and so I'm going to tell you that I wish you'd come back."

"Who is this speaking?"

"Why, George, of course."

"And you want me to come back?"

"Yes."

"Have you learned to swear yet?"

"What a question! No, of course not!"

"Then we won't talk further. Good-by."

He was hurt, and he waited a week before calling her up again to ask:

"Well, Edith, what do you think?"

"Can you swear yet?"

"But what has that got to do with?"

"Everything. When you can swear, ding axes and break down trees I'll talk to you. I want you to make your self all over."

This time he waited two weeks. Then the message came:

"Edith, listen to this: —! —! —! —! —!"

"Yes, dear."

"And to the way I'm breaking boxes and throwing tomato cans around the store."

"I hear, George."

"Today I have kicked three tramps, discharged my clerk, kicked in the head of a barrel of molasses and told Concan Prime to go to Texas. I've made a change, and I feel lovely. Will you come back to me?"

"I'll be there on the afternoon train tomorrow. Oh, George, keep it up! Grow worse all the time!"

And George did, and the people point out the house to strangers as the happiest household in the village.

FINDS LOST WHALER

Crosses Arctic Waters Bearing Tidings of Crew

BELIEVED TO BE DEAD

David Ritchie Traverses 500 Miles of Northern Wilderness and Turbulent Hudson Strait to Succor His Comrades.

St. John's, N. F., Sept. 20.—The pluck and hardihood of a young Scotch harpooner, David Ritchie, who crossed the stormy waters of Hudson strait alone in an open boat to the Moravian settlements on northern Labrador, brought as from the dead word of the safety of the eight members of the crew of the Scotch whaling ship Snow Drop, lost in Frobiisher strait Sept. 18, 1908.

Further particulars of the hardships of the crew reached here Saturday night. The tidings were the first since the news that the Snow Drop's crew was safe reached here Wednesday from Indian Harbor, where point Ritchie reached on Dr. Wilfred T. Greenfell's missionary schooner Lorna Doone.

The Snow Drop was given up for lost with all on board last December, when a bottle was picked up off the coast of Scotland saying that the ship was sinking with all on board.

With eight men, the Snow Drop had left Dundee, Scot., early in June, 1908, for a season's trading among the Eskimos of Baffinland. She made a good trip and secured a cargo of bear skins, walrus hides and one whale, and was returning when she was wrecked in Frobiisher strait.

The crew managed to reach the coast of Baffinland in an open boat, short of provisions. The Arctic winter was coming on, cutting off the last small chance of a stray whaler picking them up.

Desperate efforts were made to cross Hudson strait to the northern coast of Labrador in an open boat, but each time gales or big ice fields hurled the men back on the barren shores of Baffinland.

The men were put on an allowance of one ship's biscuit a day, and were suffering bitterly when they reached an Eskimo settlement, where they spent the winter.

With the coming of the brief summer of those northern latitudes, Ritchie decided to make one more endeavor to reach civilization to get succor for his comrades. With an Eskimo guide he traveled on foot and by dog sled 500 miles until he reached a spot on Hudson strait favorable for crossing. There he got a boat and fought his way through drift ice and storm, single-handed, to the Labrador coast, where he found a Moravian settlement.

There he was picked up by Dr. Greenfell's ship of good cheer, the Lorna Doone, which brought him to Indian Harbor, where the wireless flashed to the world the news of the safety of the eight men who had long been thought dead.

Ritchie says all the crew are well except one, whose feet were badly frozen. The Snow Drop was a ship of about 150 tons burden and was built in 1873.

FELL 90 FEET TO THE GROUND.

Man and Woman Thrown From Racing Toboggan at Summer Street.

New York, Sept. 20.—While making a turn in a car on the top tier of a toboggan racer at Fort George yesterday Mrs. Mary Bradhurst and Henry Murphy of this city, were thrown out and fell a distance of 90 feet. The woman landed on the ground, breaking nearly every bone in her body, while the man fell onto the tracks of the first tier and hung suspended in mid air about 40 feet from the ground. When rescued he and the woman were taken to a hospital but there is little hope of their recovery.

AUTO KILLS YOUNGSTER.

Millionaire Owner Arrested in Worcester on Charge of Manslaughter.

Worcester, Mass., Sept. 20.—While running his automobile through Shrewsbury street, Norman H. White, of Brooklyn, a millionaire member of the House of Representatives in Stanley, killed Joseph Rougolia, a boy 9 years old. Mr. White was arrested on the charge of manslaughter but was released in \$1,000 bonds for his hearing on Wednesday. The boy ran in front of the car which was running at a moderate rate of speed.

EARTHQUAKE IN SPAIN.

Sharp Shock Experienced at Grenada, Causing Panic in the Streets.

Madrid, Sept. 20.—A sharp earthquake occurred at Grenada and in that neighborhood yesterday, several houses being damaged, while the streets were immediately filled with terrified inhabitants, screaming and praying. A religious festival was going on at the Augustine church, and the building was crowded. The officiating clergyman vainly tried to persuade the congregation to be calm but they rushed into the streets in a panic.

Increase in Pension.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 20.—An increase in pension has been allowed Robert B. Corcoran of South Ryegate, amounting to \$15 per month, beginning August 18.



Pains and Cramps

stop, and stomach and bowel troubles disappear when Sanford's Ginger comes to the rescue. Taken hot on the spot, Sanford's Ginger

is worth a dozen far-away doctors for cholera morbus, cramps, pains and sudden ills caused by hot weather, iced or impure water, green fruit, or change of water, food and climate.

Look for the Owl Trade Mark on the wrapper, lest you get a cheap, worthless substitute. Forty years the standard of purity, flavor and strength. A delicious, healthful combination of ginger, aromatic and French brandy. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

ON HIS WAY HOME.

Senator William P. Dillingham Leaves Honolulu for United States.

Honolulu, Sept. 20.—The United States congressmen who have been visiting the Hawaiian islands, left yesterday for San Francisco on the steamer Mongolia, with Senator William P. Dillingham, of Vermont, who with Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor William B. Wheeler has investigated the labor conditions in the islands.

Senator Dillingham has spent a few weeks in the Hawaiian islands as the result of complaints registered by the owners of the sugar plantations there in regard to their inability to proceed with their work using the Oriental labor, and as the laws are such that no European labor contracts can be made, the immigration committee of the Senate deputed Senator Dillingham to look over the situation and report.

He Was Drisy.

When Blaggins, sr., on the occasion of his annual party, was obliging his guests with "Liza Tote That Makes the World Go Round," Master William Blaggins seized the opportunity to retire for a few minutes behind his Japanese screen with his sister's half-smoked cigar.

The applause subsiding, Master Blaggins observed that one of the company in looking far from well. His face had taken on the hue of putty and his eyes stood out like small hat pegs.

"Good gracious, Willie! What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Blaggins in alarm. "I believe you've been smoking."

Willie shook his head.

"Taint that," he declared, untruthfully. "It's the true what father's been singing about, I—I re-ckon I'm in love!"—Till-Bits.

Little Miss Nighty.

Little Miss Nighty is on the stair, With lips of laughter and tumbled hair; Little Miss Nighty with bare feet stands On the borderland of the slumber lands. Waiting to sing through the evening light The soft reverie of her sweet good night: "Good night, good night, good night to you."

Good night, good night to all; Good night, good night, dear skies of blue!

"Good night," the echoes call.

Little Miss Nighty, ah, see her trip To his good night in her tiny slip; The ringleted gold of her tumbled hair, Her laughing eyes and her lips of red; Bare of feet on the stair she stands, "Good night, good night, good night to all."

Good night, good night; sweet dreams!

Good night, good night, dear hearts and glad!

Good night, the twilight gleams!

Little Miss Nighty has flown from me, She has sailed away on the slumber sea; Little Miss Nighty is tall and fair, But I see her still on the little stair, Laughing and shining—a phantom sweet, With tumbled hair and the bare pink feet.

Good night, good night, good night, my dear;

Good night, good night, my love; Good night, and may God's angels hear Where they sing good night above.

—Baltimore Sun.

A million boxes now used every month.

No other laxative ever won such favor as have candy Cascarets. Natural, gentle, prompt. A single tablet, taken when one needs it, alters everything that's wrong.

Think of the good they do.

Visit packet box, 10 cents—at drug stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C. C.

NEAR HIGH PRICE MARK

It Costs More to Live Than It Ever Did

WHERE INCREASES COME

Dealers Say That Flour and Butter Will Cost No More—Eggs May Go up Another Notch or Two.

Boston, Sept. 20.—It costs more to live than it ever did—everybody agrees to that. There is a difference of opinion as to how much more. And though that is a difference on which the housewife and the storekeeper may never reach an agreement, they both may be of the opinion that people are living in greater luxury than they ever have before.

The workmen may get indignant when told, even by the secretary of agriculture, that "the average laborer is today living better than Queen Elizabeth did in her time."

Secretary Wilson had just returned to Washington from a month's vacation on his Iowa farm and was much impressed by the luxury in which the farmers lived.

And in the secretary's opinion the workman is inclined to live high, too.

"Take the meat bills of the laborer in Washington to-day," he said. "You will find that they eat meat three times a day—most of them—and what is more, they are not content with any kind; they want the best cuts. They can afford them. As a result, the price of meat is away up."

Boston grocers bear out the secretary in his opinion. Without quoting statistics, a fair statement of the opinions gathered from the wholesale grocers would be that the food necessities on which there has been an increase in the past five years are:

Beef 30 per cent.

Butter 20 per cent.

Poultry 20 per cent.

Eggs 20 per cent.

Cheese 20 per cent.

Potatoes 10 per cent.

All other staples have increased little or remain at the same general level. During the past summer, as everyone is aware, butter and eggs have been higher than for years. Milk was advanced to the winter schedule of last year a full two months earlier than usual.

It is some consolation to be told by the wholesalers that there are quantities of western butter which will come into the eastern market should the home product go any higher. Butter is as high as it will go, they say.

Eggs may go a little higher. Selected eggs from "private stock" go to 50 cents a dozen every winter now. There are 50,000 more crates of eggs in cold storage than there were a year ago.

Headlines have heralded an advance in the price of flour. Flour is now selling at \$7.25 a barrel retail, and has reached its high mark for the year. In fact, everything except fresh vegetables is near the high mark.

Sugar is 50 cents a hundred pounds higher than it was a couple of months ago, but though the grocer is making only 3 per cent, he will not put up the price until there is a concerted movement among the leading stores.

The grocer says that cereals, canned goods and fresh vegetables remain at practically the level of five years ago. There are 20,000,000 more mouths to feed than there were 20 years ago. And most of these mouths are gaping from the overcrowded rookeries of the great city. Rents are higher, fuel is higher and food is higher. It costs little more to grow an ear of corn or a hill of potatoes than is used to, but they are further away from market when they are grown. Standards on food commodities

ties are much more sharply defined than they once were.

Though prices on food have gone up, there is still too much competition on most commodities to believe that they are extortionate. Three great meat packing concerns are accorded with being the dictators of meat prices. With beef selling from 28 to 35 cents a pound, they say that there is no money in dressed beef—that they have to make their profit from the by-products. In explanation they say there is a shortage in the cattle supply. And James J. Hill has predicted that in a few years we will be importing wheat.

COL. HARVEY IN AUTO ACCIDENT.

Editor of Harper's Weekly Suffers Broken Shoulder Blade.

New York, Sept. 20.—An automobile containing Col. George Harvey, editor of Harper's Weekly, two other men and a boy, turned turtle on the shore boulevard near Manhattan, N. J., yesterday. Col. Harvey suffered a broken shoulder blade and internal injuries. He was put aboard a special train for Whiting's Junction in time to be removed to a Jersey Central train for Deal Beach, N. J. With Col. Harvey in the automobile were John H. Hoffer, the latter's son and the chauffeur. The party, it is understood, were returning from Deal Beach, where Col. Harvey has a summer home, to Atlantic City. Just after passing Manhattan the automobile met a motorcycle coming in the opposite direction. The chauffeur turned to the right, and in some manner lost control of the car, which ran sideways along an embankment and then toppled over. The occupants of the car were pinned under the machine and had a remarkable escape from more serious injury. Mr. Hoffer and his son were bruised, but the chauffeur was not hurt.

AUTO PASSENGER KILLED.

Harry L. Buckley, Newspaper Man of Philadelphia, Victim of Wreck.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20.—Harry Buckley, a newspaper man of Philadelphia who was carrying a message from President Taft to Seattle in a relay automobile race under the auspices of the Philadelphia Press, was killed yesterday afternoon when the automobile was wrecked near Lebanon, Pa. The race was abandoned.

FRACTURES BOY'S SKULL.

Crown Prince of Germany Runs Over and Killed While Automobileing.

Berlin, Sept. 20.—While the Crown Prince was automobileing through the village of Herfede last evening he ran over a six-year-old boy, fracturing his skull. The Prince rendered first aid to the injured and then took the boy to a hospital. He has undertaken to provide for the boy's future if he recovers.

Afraid He Couldn't Make Good.

"How's your garden coming on?" "Why do you ask that question?" demanded the suburbanist suspiciously. "Just out of politeness."

"Glad to hear that. I thought maybe I had promised you some vegetables." —Kansas City Journal.

AMUSEMENT NOTES

"The House of a Thousand Candles" at Opera House Tonight.

The mysterious rooms in the House of a Thousand Candles promise to arouse unusual attention among theatre goers. The play is even more weird and remarkable than the book as the situations are intensified. The drama has been proving one of the sensations of the year from the fact that its story is such a radical departure from the beaten track. The House of a Thousand Candles will be most magnificently staged on its presentation at the opera house this evening. The stage settings for the four acts are carried, while the company is practically the same as appeared in the original representations.

"The Call of the North"

Each season Mr. Paul Gilmore comes forward with a new comedy drama, elaborately staged and admirably cast, and consequently his prestige has increased until he stands among the most popular of dramatic stars. This year he is said to have surpassed his former success with his most pretentious production in the comedy drama of the Canadian frontier, "The Call of the North," which he comes to the opera house next Thursday night, September 23. This comedy drama takes its story and characters from the popular novel by Stewart Edward White, "Conjuror's House," which has been one of the "best sellers" of the past few years.

The dramatic version, under the title of "The Call of the North," is by the famous playwright George Broadhurst, who won great favor with his former successes, such as "The Man of the Hour" and other melodramatic comedies.

GOES TO JOIN TAFT.

Secretary Ballinger to Accompany The President to Seattle.

Washington, Sept. 20.—Secretary of the Interior Ballinger started this afternoon for Denver, where he will join President Taft on his western trip. He will accompany Mr. Taft only as far as Seattle.

Mr. Ballinger is anxious to complete much unfinished work in connection with his recent investigations of the various reclamation projects and the national forestry reserves, before the convening of Congress, and in order to do so he will be obliged to return to Washington in October.

MAGAZINE REVIEW

The Highest Golf Course in Europe.

The highest golf course in Europe is that at Maloja, in the Upper Engadine. The course of nine holes, varying from 170 to 250 yards, is between Maloja and the pass which leads from the Engadine to the Lake of Como and commands lovely views of the Silser See and the snow-clad peaks; the hazards are chiefly depressions between the hills. The altitude of these links is about 6,200 feet above sea level. The small course at St. Moritz is about the same altitude, while that at Samaden, one of the finest links on the continent, is about 5,500 feet; the next highest being that of Montana, above the Rhone valley, about 5,000 feet. Maloja is an ideal spot for those who wish to be quite off the tourist track, and in a country like Switzerland it is not easy nowadays to get away from the crowds of August. The nearest station is ten miles away, at St. Moritz. From the Queen.

Oh, Scissors!

The first grade teacher had been able to spank Tommy with the greatest enthusiasm, but his next teacher had not reached the point where she felt she could do justice to him in spite of all his naughtiness.

"Send him to me when you want him spanked," said the first grade teacher one morning, after her colleague had related his many misdeeds.

About eleven o'clock Tommy appeared at the first grade teacher's door. She dropped her work, seized him by the arm, dragged him to the dressing-room, turned him over her knee and did her duty.

When she had finished she said, "Well, Tommy, what have you to say?"

"Please, miss, my teacher wants the scissors."—Everybody's Magazine.

Why It Costs So Much to Live.

An item that looms formidably in the nation's annual family expense account is for liquor and tobacco. No one will have the hardihood to contend that these are necessities. In 1908 distilled, malt and vinous liquors to the total value of \$201,266,995 were produced in the United States, while \$15,237,000 worth were imported. These are wholesale prices and so represent less than half the actual cost to the consumer. For example, we drew 38,747,680 barrels of 31 gallons each of beer in the year ending June 30, 1908. Taking the average sized glass and making the average allowance for foam, a quart of beer will fill five glasses. At 5 cents a glass, then, our beer as it was served over the bar last year must have cost \$1,937,177,080. Making all possible allowances for beer at a cheaper rate, the bill would be a billion and a half at retail prices. The aggregate debt of the states and cities of the United States in 1902, the latest period for which figures are available, totaled \$1,844,195,890, or just about what we spend a year for beer.—From "New Luxuries Keep the People Poor," in October Technical World Magazine.

Where Melodrama Rules.

An usher, whose conversation crawls forth in a badly bruised condition from just after his left biceps, condescends to show you where you seat is. And you climb anxiously and and warily and apologetically over the legs of a truculent young man with obstinate but well watered hair and a brass watch chain big enough to tie an elephant with, and take your place between him and a sweet girl with her hair full of rats and her mouth full of gum.

The girl is gossiping glibly about a swell guy—a friend of hers, who is clowning for one of them rich, millionaire stockbroker buys, and who took her down to Coney Towsley in the masher an' give her the time of her life.

The envious receptacle of her conversation is a tall, gaunt, hungry looking individual with beetling eyebrows, sharp black eyes, and a mustache waxed at each end into a needle point. He looks like a dardereff ruffian; but you learn from the sparse and interval remarks that he is a barber, the sole support of a widowed mother and eleven small sisters and brothers.

A fat man sits right behind you, and you find, anon, that the sound which you thought was the electric ventilator is merely his breathing. There are no ventilators.—Porter Emerson Browne, in September Everybody's.

THIN FOLKS MADE FAT

Good, healthy flesh can only be gained by the use of the proper food, together with natural action of the organs of assimilation. Nine people out of ten in order to weigh as much as they ought and be perfectly healthy, should use Samose, the great flesh forming food and health restorer. Weigh yourself before commencing to use these little tablets and see how your weight increases from week to week.

Samose does not contain a particle of starch or pepsin, nor is it any nauseating preparation, such as is usually recommended to make people fat, and which does not build up good health tissues. Samose has valuable flesh forming properties, tones up and strengthens the whole system, helps the food that is eaten to be assimilated in a natural manner, and absolutely restores health to all the organs.

If you are not perfectly satisfied with the result from Samose, D. F. Davis will return your money without any quibbling.

YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Rockland, Maine.—"I was troubled for a long time with pains in my back and side, and was miserable in every way. I doctored

until I was discouraged, and thought I should never get well. I read a testimonial about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and thought I would try it. After taking three bottles I was cured, and never felt so well in all my life. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all my friends."—Mrs. WILL YOUNG, 6 Columbia Avenue, Rockland, Me.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache, don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.